

and lucid addresses have made clear to audiences of every kind the Catholic attitude to problems of the day.

THE fact that a brigade of British troops has now been released from anti-terrorist duties in Kenya is due, in part, to the success of the new flexible tactics adopted by Lieut.-General Gerald Lathbury, the East African C-in-C.

There is a marked resemblance between Gerald Lathbury and Sir Evelyn Baring, the Governor of Kenya. Both men are tall and deceptively languid in manner. Both men have long, sensitive, Etonian faces, and they share the same clipped style of speech. As one eminent settler asked when the General arrived last May, "How shall we tell them apart?"

In fact there has been no need to "tell them apart," for the two men have worked together in complete harmony, and the General owes much of his military success to the sensitivity of his political antennae.

As a subaltern before the war—he is not yet fifty—Gerald Lathbury served for five years with the Gold Coast Regiment. His knowledge of the African mind is considerable, and his recommendation that the senior rank of "effendi" should be re-introduced for Africans serving with the King's African Rifles should be treated with respect.

IN these days of nationalised art I am not entirely surprised by the French Government's decision to "freeze" the sixty most important works

of art now kept in the Paris mansion of the late Calouste Gulbenkian. This means that the French Government can

buy these works from the estate for about £750,000—a sum which Nubar Gulbenkian has described as “nominal.”

I have never been inside No. 51, Avenue D'Iéna, but a friend of mine who recently visited the house was startled to find a superb Rembrandt hanging on the servants' staircase. The principal salons left him speechless.

As a pioneer of informal hanging, Mr. Gulbenkian must however yield to Sir Richard Wallace, donor of the Wallace

Collection, who is said to have hung Titian's "Venus and Andromeda" over his bath.

EVEN those who are set on pulling down the Imperial Institute in South Kensington must, I fancy, have been surprised at the breadth and intensity of the opposition to their plans.

The campaign is a spontaneous one, but if it had a headquarters, this would doubtless be in the narrow street at

the east end of Smithfield Market, where Lord Mottistone and Mr. John Betjeman are next-door neighbours.

When I called on Mr. Betjeman he had Collicutt's original drawings spread out on the floor, a cigarette-card engraving of the threatened building on the chimney-piece, and A. N. Prentice's elegant drawing of the tower in his hand.

"Isn't it a marvellous building?" he said. "We've just got to save it. You can have packing-case architecture any-

The building which it is hoped to save occupies less than one of the sixteen acres of the site. It is not an ordinary institution; it was subscribed for in the 1880s and 90s by private enthusiasts from all over the Empire. (Soldiers in the Indian Army gave an anna for a brick, the bells are the personal property of the Queen, and ever Ascension Island stamped up £1 10s.) It is, in a real sense public property; and the public knows and likes it.

It would be interesting to learn what my readers think on this.

NOW that the Government's White Paper on technical education has been published, I hear suggestions that there should be a meeting, in London, of Commonwealth Ministers of Education.

All the Commonwealth countries are short of technicians and all send some of their young men—and young teachers—to this country for training. The new British plan will thus affect the whole Empire.

I should not be surprised if Sir David Eccles, with his flair for the dramatic gesture, took the lead in convening such a conference.

FROM Canberra I hear report that Mr. Menzies is thinking of appointing his old friend Sir Donald Bradman as the Australian High Commissioner when Sir Thomas White retires in May.

In London these reports are discounted—by tradition this post goes to an elder statesman—but I am glad to hear that Sir Donald's health has improved sufficiently to let him put on his pads once again.

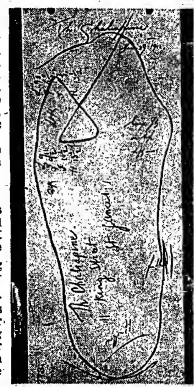
At the Adelaide Oval recently he slipped down to the nets to lend a hand at a five-day coaching course for South Australian schoolboys; and the spectators noted that he showed much of his old anticipation and power.

Even now, however, he cannot play cricket in a relaxed and easy-going fashion. As he faces the schoolboy bowlers his lips tightened and his lined face wore that familiar grim expression of concentration. The Doctor is still a fighter.

THE map which I reproduce is not, as might be thought of Treasure Island, but of Challapine's left foot. It was

made on June 29, 1913, when the great singer took time off from "Boris Godounov" and dropped in at Messrs. Lobbs, the Royal bootmakers in St. James's, to order himself some shoes. Skilled observers can infer from it that he took size 12½, and had enlarged joints. "nigger" (abnormally curved) heels, and fallen arches.

Lobb's are now coming up for their centenary, and I was glad to hear from the founder's two grandsons that although their shoes now cost from 18 gns



a pair upwards, neither customers nor craftsmen are lacking. Even the firm's ostrich-leather specialities, at 35 gns. are so much in demand that many clients find it cheaper to bring their own skins.

Altogether it seems to have been an auspicious day when John Lobb, the founder, fell off a donkey in Cornwall and lamed himself so badly that he had to take up a sedentary trade and turned, unwillingly at first, to the shoemaker's last.

THERE is a rumour in very high circles in the City that when Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev visit this country next month they will bring with them an offer of an interest-free loan of the order of £1,000 million—in gold. This figure is not as fantastic as it might seem at first thought. Recently an expert correspondent of THE SUNDAY TIMES estimated that Soviet gold reserves now exceed £2,500 million.

In return for this boon to our currency-supporting reserves, Britain would be required to abolish all restrictions on the sale of strategic materials to Communist countries. At least this much can be said for the proposition, that the sum suggested is an advance on thirty pieces of silver.



Pope Pius XII

a fount of wise counsel upon general world-problems. Even in his rare moments of leisure, he was the most accessible of men. Dr. Godfrey, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, tells me, for instance, that he could often be met, in high summer, on the shady lakeside road which leads from Rocca di Papa to Albano, and had always a kindly greeting for students from the English College, whose villa was nearby.

His has been a Pontificate as rich in achievement as in incident, and his broad understanding of the world has served him in excellent stead. ("It is refreshing," one diplomatist remarked after a private audience, "to be reminded that God is concerned with international affairs.")

He will be honoured not merely as a great priest and a resourceful father to his people, but as a teacher whose careful